Dollhouse

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/11744862.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Alternate Season/Series 01, Crossdressing, Crossdressing Kink, Feminization, Possessive Will, Jealousy, Rimming, Anal Sex, Bottom Hannibal, Top Will
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Paper Doll
Collections:	Bottom Hannibal Day 2017, Sub!Hannibal
Stats:	Published: 2017-08-09 Words: 7,404 Chapters: 1/1

Dollhouse

by Beatricenius

Summary

“Do you get off on that? The idea of having a dangerous boyfriend. Some crazy jealous guy ready to pick a fight with any man who dares so much as look at you.”

“You make it sound as if we were speaking in the abstract,” Hannibal strained into the touch. “Jealousy is near inevitable in the face of a perceived threat. What if he touched me, Will? If he saw me like this?”

Will finds himself emphasizing with the misogynistic killer behind the paper doll murders. Hannibal is curious how far he can push him.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Red and white, lace and blood.

Will dreamed about the paper doll girls, crushed into two-dimensional cardboard with painted faces set in unnatural pliancy. He dreamed about Hannibal too, naked on his haunches like an animal, bent over their remains. Audio impressions lagged, making the startling crack of breaking bones layer over the dull ripping sound of tearing skin, coming apart like wet paper between grinding jaws. When Hannibal turned around, his mouth was smeared with red. Blood. Lipstick. Viscera and wax.

For weeks, Will had startled awake at odd hours of the night, confused and hard and drenched in sweat that cooled rancid on his heated skin as he struggled to find his footing in reality. He could not find a word for what he and Hannibal had these days. Dating seemed somehow inadequate, almost misleading in its implications, but there was no other term for when they met between work and sessions and had dinner and talked and fucked until teeth and nails and impatient hands dented skin, leaving livid bruises in their wake. Will had never treated a woman like that in his life, never once been so careless in his want and certainly never expected her to wear lingerie or makeup for him, in or outside of the bedroom.

Then again, Hannibal wasn't a woman. He didn't even look much like one. In his flowing skirts and pale lashes, tinted black and sticking together in clusters, he only looked like something precious. Like something that should be locked away and kept safe. In some of his dreams, Will kept him just like that. In a dollhouse modeled after his beautiful home or a six-sided treasure chest in the shape of a coffin. His dreams were rarely subtle. He considered telling Hannibal about them every time he lumbered into his office for another session that felt increasingly inappropriate as their relationship progressed, but something held him back. He knew that Hannibal wouldn't mind – in fact, he'd probably like to hear it – but there was little to interpret in the crude poetry of Will's subconscious. He wasn't sure when he'd started wanting to impress Hannibal all the way down to the inner workings of his mind.

"Tell me about this killer's motives. Why does he stage them as paper dolls?"

If Will put the thought of Hannibal's hips dotted by bruises in the shape of his own fingers out of his mind, the inquiry seemed almost professional. He paced around the familiar floors of his office, trying to sort his thoughts while Hannibal sat perched at the edge of his seat with his hands clasped in front of him. When something caught Hannibal's interest, his eyes gleamed with something distinctively hungry that made Will want to look away.

"It's regression. Objectification. Making them relive childhood from an impassive point of view. He likes them frozen in time. Innocent."

"Something to play with."

"Something to possess," Will rubbed his face with his hands. He had come straight from the latest crime scene to Hannibal's office and everything was still crisp and clear in his mind. It felt much like waking up from one of his bad dreams, only worse, because he knew everything was real. "This time was different. Smudged lipstick and suggestive positioning.

Personal. Angry. His kills were never this vulgar. He felt like she had flaunted herself and that ruined her for him."

"It's quite textbook, don't you think? He's telling a rather traditional story."

"I don't think he's telling a story at all. He got carried away and it exposed him. We know he likely has a connection to this woman, and that should make it easier to find him."

Will sat down in the unoccupied armchair, sighing deeply. His nightmares combined with the horrors crime scenes provided left him drained, thoughts running sluggish like syrup through his head. Last night, he'd dreamt about Hannibal painting his lips with the blood of the first paper doll girl. When he dipped his fingers between her pale thighs, Will realized that it was menstrual blood. He hadn't even wanted to examine the implications of that particular dream in the unforgiving light of conscious awareness, but once he'd stumbled out of bed to jerk off in the shower, it had taken no more than a few tugs before he came so hard it hurt, head ducked in shame under the invisible scrutiny of no one.

"Will."

The slight emphasis on his name made Will suspect that Hannibal had called his name more than once. He blinked. Hannibal's features softened with something uncomfortably close to pity.

"Is there something wrong? You seem distraught."

"Don't I always?"

"Unusually so," Hannibal smiled because Will smiled. "Was this crime scene especially disturbing to you?"

"No. Or, yeah, I guess. It's just-" Will heaved another sigh. "I spend so much time in this guy's head where everything is clear-cut borders. Binaries. Whores and Madonnas, that kind of thing. I'm not-" He grimaced. "I don't want to be a misogynist."

"Misogyny primarily becomes an issue when it determines your actions. You judge the inside of your head too harshly," Hannibal gave him a searching look. "What does it feel like, viewing women through his eyes?"

"I feel powerful. Power is a corner stone. Protect and preserve, or degrade and destroy. Decisions determined by the victim's ability to adhere to arbitrary standards, some combination of personal beliefs and traditional gender roles," Will paused. "I feel resolute. In control. I know what I want when I'm in his head."

"States of mind that are usually more or less inaccessible to you," Hannibal observed. "How does that make you feel?"

Will worried his lower lip between his teeth, not quite meeting Hannibal's gaze. "It makes me feel dangerous."

*

Since Will had become somewhat used to seeing Hannibal draped in silk with his features sharpened by lipstick and blush and crisp lines of black, it was almost uncanny to see him as he normally presented himself. Decidedly masculine, effortlessly dominating a room with his mere presence. Will practically cowered under the disapproving alpha male command of Jack Crawford, but Hannibal was always able to face him fearlessly, coming out unscathed at the other end.

Sometimes, Will envied him that. Most of the time, he was grateful that his interests happened to line up with Hannibal's, so he didn't constantly feel as if he was fighting a losing battle. Hannibal didn't strike Will as the kind of person to look out for anyone else but himself – not *really*, anyway – but he did often step in when Will was in need of support, and it made him feel like he had Hannibal on his side.

Will quietly pondered these things as he sat in a corner of Hannibal's living room, watching him converse with a few lingering guests. He had reluctantly agreed to come to a dinner party Hannibal was hosting, but hardly even tried to have a good time, content to sit and observe, occasionally finding himself muttering monosyllabic pleasantries to people who soon lost interest in his half-hearted attempts at being polite. He wasn't sure why he agreed to come in the first place, but had the nagging thought that he did so to see Hannibal as he presented himself to others. Compare. Feel for authenticity and fabrication.

He came to no satisfying conclusion, finding his musings skewed by stubborn shreds of hope. Hope that the smile ghosting past Hannibal's lips when their eyes met across the room came from a place of authenticity. Hope that his presence actually meant something. Hannibal had a way of making him feel like he was the only one in the room who had been let in on a joke, a connection setting them apart from everybody else. From the way his guests acted around him, Will guessed that they felt the same way.

The tug of disappointment in his gut from that particular realization almost made him want to excuse himself and go home, but then the molten gold of Hannibal's gaze held his for a split second and it felt like finding his footing after floating adrift. Will not only stayed, but insisted on helping Hannibal clean up once the last guests had left.

"I'm afraid I must decline," Hannibal said, firmly. "You are a guest. Your company is always welcome, but accepting your help would be nothing short of rude."

"Am I just another guest to you?" Will smiled, tight-lipped. His inquiry was less rhetorical than he wanted it to be. "I really don't mind. Doing nothing would just make me feel useless. Let me help."

Hannibal gave him an assessing look. Then he gestured for him to follow him into the kitchen. Moments later, Hannibal was elbow-deep in sudsy water, cleaning wine glasses and plates and cutlery so obviously expensive Will was afraid to put his hands on them every time he dried them with a fresh kitchen towel and put them away in their respective places. Even

so, it felt good, somehow routine, although this was the first time they did anything like this together.

“Did you enjoy yourself tonight?” Hannibal asked, as if he hadn’t noticed Will sulking in corners these last few hours. There was a slight smile playing at the corner of his mouth.

“I can tell when you’re poking fun at me, you know,” Will smiled a little despite himself. “I enjoyed seeing you enjoying yourself. You kept looking my way during conversation though. Not very polite.”

“I found myself compelled. Your company is all that interests me at the moment.”

“That’s harsh. Imagine if your friends knew how little they interest you.”

“Imagine,” Hannibal mused. “I don’t care about them as individuals. They aren’t my friends.”

Will arched an eyebrow at that. “Then you put an inordinate amount of time and effort into accommodating them.”

“It’s not really about them.”

Will thought for a moment about the way Hannibal flitted between well-fed guests guzzling down wine and empty banter, recalling the shallow small-talk that might be mistaken for actual conversation.

“No. It’s about you. Showcasing how well-versed you are in the art of hosting.”

“There is great satisfaction in being acknowledged for your talents. I enjoy validation as much as anyone.”

Will dried a plate under thoughtful silence. The sleeves of Hannibal’s shirt were rolled up to bare his forearms, glistening wet in the stark light of the kitchen. The apron tied around his hips narrowed his waist and broadened his shoulders, giving him an almost intimidating silhouette despite the mundane chore he was occupying himself with. When Will tracked his eyes over his back, he saw the way ropey muscle shifted as he rubbed stubborn stains off of his silver cutlery. He always struck Will as somehow contradictory, a puzzle full of ill-fitting pieces scattered at random.

He was beautiful though. No matter how he presented himself. Will let his mouth form a smirk, deciding to steer their conversation in a different direction.

“You don’t say. I kind of figured, with the way you’ve been putting yourself on display all night.”

Hannibal glanced his way. His eyes narrowed with a smile as he picked up on the teasing lilt to Will’s voice. “Is that what I’ve been doing?”

“I would know. I’ve been watching you.”

“Supervising?”

“Admiring. I could’ve sworn that’s what you wanted.”

“Something to that effect, perhaps,” Hannibal’s smile didn’t falter. “You must think me terribly vain.”

“And conceited,” Will put the damp kitchen towel away. “You have a right to be though. And you know it.”

Will crowded Hannibal against the counter and let his hands come to rest on his hips, fingers slotting into the bruises he knew were hidden beneath the sturdy cloth of his pants. Hannibal put the plate he had been washing back down in the sink.

“You could get yourself in trouble with an attitude like that, you know. Fickle, pretty little thing like you. Might attract the wrong kind of attention.”

“What kind of attention might that be?”

“Mm. Cute,” Will found himself distracted by the soft padding of Hannibal’s ass and the even beat of his pulse against his lips as he kissed a winding path along the column of his neck. “I don’t want others getting ideas about you.”

“I trust you would protect me. Wouldn’t you?”

Will nuzzled his jaw, rough with a faint dusting of stubble. He knew Hannibal had been cooking and cleaning all day in preparation for the dinner party and the hectic day had taken its toll, shadowing his cheeks and pulling his bangs out of his slicked back hair. Will found it almost touching, the slightest of cracks in his impeccable exterior.

“I think you can protect yourself. But I would step in if someone was bothering you.”

Hannibal turned around then, and Will was struck by the way his lidded eyes shone bright against the backdrop of black, widened pupils. Before he could say another word, Hannibal whispered with such unbridled delight that a shiver crept down Will’s spine -

“Would you hurt them?”

The image of Hannibal’s mouth smeared with red came to mind, clear and startling. Will schooled his features, trying not to let his face twist into a frown. He couldn’t quite shake the sense of hopeful anticipation in Hannibal’s words.

“Let the punishment fit the crime,” He finally said, offering a twitchy smile. Hannibal smiled back, but it was the same empty smile he afforded his guests an hour earlier. Will stepped back and gave Hannibal enough space to get a kitchen towel for his wet hands.

“I am aware that you accepted my invitation tonight to indulge me,” Hannibal said after drying off. “There is still something else I would like to ask of you. I will attend an opera performance at the Baltimore Museum of Art next week. I’d like for you to join me.”

“Is that the kind of thing we’re doing now? There are limits to my willingness to indulge you, Hannibal.”

“Are there?” Hannibal’s smile grew genuine. “Labels are of little importance to me. There is no need for us to define what we have according to the narrow frameworks provided to us by general society. But I would very much like for us to go. I’ll wear something for you.”

“To the opera?”

“Underneath what I wear to the opera,” Hannibal clarified. “For when we get back. You can stay the night.”

Will’s resolve crumbled. The look on Hannibal’s face when he said he’d think about it made him realize that he’d already decided. That’s how he found himself in the dimly lit halls of an art gallery less than a week later, seated next to Hannibal in front of a makeshift stage. The performance itself wasn’t all that bad, but he felt out of his depth in his rented tuxedo and untamed curls that refused to stay slicked to his skull. During intermission, he snagged some liquid courage from a guy dressed like a waiter balancing an overstuffed tray in his hands. Then he assured Hannibal that he could go socialize with his not-friends while he had a drink, hid away from prying eyes in a solitary corner.

Once his drink was half-finished, he caught a glimpse of Hannibal engaging a man Will didn’t know in conversation. They were standing close to each other in a less crowded part of the room, mouths moving at a pace that suggested quick word exchange. Attentiveness. Interest. There was a shift in Hannibal’s demeanor that Will recognized from more private settings, his eyes lidding and his sparse smiles stretching a little wider, a slight softening of the severe surface he presented to the world. To Will’s dismay, the man leaned in to say something in his ear. Hannibal’s gaze flicked to the side and the corner of his mouth curled, making the nature of his words painfully obvious.

The uncharacteristic lack of discretion made realization click into place in Will’s head: Hannibal was playing at something. He had to be. Will mulled over what they had discussed in his kitchen a few days earlier while he watched Hannibal’s mouth form around words he couldn’t make out, feeling a pull of irritation that made him look down into the amber swirl of his whisky. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d been jealous. He rarely placed enough value on a relationship to fear the loss of it.

He emptied his glass and put it away, somewhat soothed by the warmth spreading in his belly. A minute or two later, a hand settled on his shoulder.

“Intermission is almost over. Shall we return to our seats?”

“Right,” Will turned to face Hannibal. “Caught up with high society gossip?”

Hannibal's eyes glimmered with amusement. “Many would consider gossip to be a distasteful pastime. I suspect I might become the subject of idle talk after tonight.”

“Why?”

“This is the second time we are seen together outside of work,” Hannibal’s mouth formed a slanted smile. “Unfamiliar faces are rare. People are curious about you. You are not defusing the situation by denying them the pleasure of your company.”

Will shrugged. “So? You said you don’t care about them. Neither do I. I would’ve thought you’d like the idea of surrounding yourself with a little mystery.”

“I’m afraid this particular mystery might reflect poorly on me. You are quite a bit younger than I am. It becomes less of a mystery and more of a dirty little secret.”

Not stopping to think whether it might be a bad idea, Will gripped Hannibal’s hips and shoved him against a pillar, kissing him so hard their noses bumped and their teeth clacked. A surprised gasp slipped past Hannibal’s lips and Will swallowed it up with eager lips and sloppy tongue, kicking his legs apart to surge closer until his thigh rubbed against the front of Hannibal’s pants. Before letting go, he squeezed his ass in a bold display of ownership, thoughts lingering on the strange man Hannibal had spoken to.

When Will released him, Hannibal’s usual mask of indifference slipped for long enough that he could see mild confusion give way to something indicative of affront. He resisted the inappropriate urge to smile and gripped Hannibal’s jaw, running his thumb across his wet bottom lip.

“You’re my dirty little secret though, aren’t you? They don’t know anything about us. Let’s get back to our seats.”

The conflicted snarl of emotion that bent Hannibal’s features out of shape made Will think he might have made a big mistake. It was like nothing he had ever seen before, the even lines to his face twisting into a strange expression that didn’t betray any particular emotion, as if Hannibal was left at a loss. But then it faded and Hannibal gave a curt nod, slipping back into his calm composure with practiced ease. When Will put a firm hand on the small of his back, he hardly seemed to pay it mind, as if Will’s touch was so familiar it faded into background noise.

*

Once Hannibal pulled up to the driveway of his home and they made it inside, Will took a hold of Hannibal’s shirt and pulled him into a messy kiss. Hannibal melted into his touch, openly eager now that they were alone, carding his fingers through Will’s hair as they found a rhythm for the frantic motions of lips and tongue. The soft, wet noises Hannibal made against his mouth and the hardness digging into his thigh coaxed Will’s heart into a bruising rhythm against the confines of his ribcage, so violent that he imagined Hannibal could feel it through layers of cloth and skin and flesh.

“I shouldn’t have kissed you during intermission. I couldn’t concentrate on anything after that,” Will thought he could see the hint of a smirk before he captured Hannibal’s mouth in

another kiss. He ran his hand over the rough wool of Hannibal's suit pants and thought of the feeling of cool silk against his palm. "I want to see you."

"You will," Hannibal put his hand on his chest, putting some distance between them. Not quite pushing him, but making him come to a stop. "In a moment. I'd like to freshen up. Wait for me in the bedroom."

Will reluctantly stepped back, letting Hannibal slip past him. He made his way into the bedroom and sat down on the perfectly made bed, taking off his shoes, socks and suit jacket. He loosened his tie and felt like he could breathe easier. Having something around his neck always made him vaguely uncomfortable. Too many memories of crime scenes with abused throats, slit or ringed by knives or hands or rope. Every time he tightened the silky knot of a tie beneath his collar, he saw a flash of a frozen Adam's apple distending purpled skin.

A dull thudding sound of bare feet against wood made Will's gaze snap up, fixing on Hannibal as he stepped out of the adjacent bathroom. His lips were painted the usual shade of red and he was wearing a simple robe over a pair of panties and a lacy sort of slip Will quickly came to realize was a camisole. Everything was the same shade of creamy white, like raw milk or pages of an old book.

"I don't think I've seen you in any of that before."

"No, you haven't. Do you like it?"

"I do. You're beautiful."

Will meant it. The feline sway of his body brought animation to the flowy material of his gown, making it glide around his thighs like waves in slow motion, and the camisole was just snug enough to remind Will of the soft curves and hard planes beneath. His mouth made Will think about lipstick tracks over his cock and kisses smeared red over his face. He felt warmth licking up his neck as Hannibal walked over to sit next to him on the bed, reaching forward to loosen his tie further until he could take it off.

"Do you have any idea how you look at me when we are alone?" Hannibal's eyes were soft and fond. "It's like I am the first other human being you have ever laid eyes on. "

"What's that look like?"

"I couldn't possibly describe it. It's defies elucidation. What do you suppose went through Adam's mind when he first saw Eve?"

Will considered it for a moment. "That isn't too hard to imagine, is it? He must've been relieved. Not to be alone anymore. To have someone understand. What about Eve?"

"I imagine the realization of her purpose must have been a relief for her as well. Knowing why one has been brought into existence is a comfort in itself, no matter what the reason might be."

"Your purpose isn't to be the Eve to my Adam, Hannibal."

“I’m not opposed,” Hannibal started unbuttoning his shirt with nimble fingers. There was something oddly domestic about it, the splitting image of a married couple coming home from a night out. “I like to think we are made of the same raw material.”

“I like the thought of that too,” Will followed the lace pattern on his panties with his finger. “You wore these the whole time we were out? I don’t know if I could do that. I’d feel so caught out.”

“I’m not very easily distraught,” Hannibal tilted his head. “Though I must admit, you challenged my disposition tonight in many unexpected ways. My thoughts wandered more than they are wont to do.”

“What did you think about?”

“I found myself thinking about the drive back here. I wondered whether you would be impatient. More than once, I considered the possibility of you being overcome, wanting to have me the moment we walked through the door.”

“I did.”

“You did. I hoped you wouldn’t let me go, even when I pushed you away.”

Will furrowed his brow. “Why?”

Hannibal flicked his eyes over Will’s face, silent for a moment. “It appeals to me. The idea of being wanted to such an extent that you only care about fulfilling your own need, even at the expense of my comfort. Your desire is all-consuming.”

“That’s disturbing, Hannibal.”

“We are just playing.”

“I thought you didn’t play.”

The corner of Hannibal’s mouth twitched. “You’re right. I don’t, not with you.”

Will’s shirt slid off his shoulders and Hannibal leaned in to kiss his neck and chest, gentle little things to take the edge off his words. Red prints in the shape of his mouth trailed an irregular pattern over pale ivory skin and Will grunted softly, already half-hard. He tugged at the silky robe until it pooled like water around Hannibal’s waist, then he rolled him down on the bed and kissed him, kicking his pants off as his tongue slid between soft lips.

He thought about the music, swelling beneath his ribs and blanking out his mind. He thought about Hannibal watching, mesmerized, eyes wide and unguarded, as if his world had narrowed down to whatever transpired on stage. Thought about the vulnerability of it and felt oddly protective. Running a hand under the soft material of the camisole, Will felt Hannibal’s firm chest beneath his fingers, smooth and hot like a flat stone warmed by sun. He circled a nipple and tweaked it playfully between his fingers, making Hannibal draw a sharp breath. Although Hannibal was physically different from the women Will had slept with, he reacted

much the same when he leaned down to kiss his nipples, moaning and arching off the bed with his head tilted back as Will sucked and licked, letting his teeth graze the soft, rosy skin.

“So sensitive here,” Will observed, flicking his tongue over a hardened nub for emphasis. Hannibal’s eyes were closed and his mouth had fallen open, as if he were lost to sensation. “I saw you with that man, you know. Earlier tonight.”

Hannibal opened his eyes and looked down at him. “You had ample opportunity to intervene. As you said you would.”

His voice was bland and level, completely lacking accusation. Will could tell that his own voice wasn’t when he answered. “I only said I would step in if someone bothered you. You didn’t seem all that bothered.”

The silence that settled was tense and Will felt a lump of confliction lodge in his throat like a pill stuck half-way down. Hannibal reached out and smoothed down the riot of curls at the back of his head, coiled tighter from the damp heat of his flushed skin. Will exhaled as his frayed nerves were soothed.

“Do you forgive me?” There was an odd solemnity to Hannibal that often caught Will off guard. He could see no trace of irony or insincerity on his face. “I ultimately rejected his advances. But I did lead him on. If I upset you, I’m sorry.”

Will snorted, unable to stop a crooked smile from spreading on his face. “That wasn’t an apology. You know that as well as I do,” He recalled the lack of subtlety in Hannibal’s reactions when the stranger flirted with him and came to a sudden realization. “That’s ok though. You weren’t really interested in him, you were interested in me. Curious what I would do.”

“I was right to be curious. I could never have predicted your course of action," Hannibal returned his smile. "That sort of conduct among all those people. People you know to be my acquaintances. You kissed me because you saw me with him, didn't you?”

“I’m not apologizing for that,” Will pulled his panties to the side, exposing his cock; thick and half-hard, curving up toward his stomach. “It’s just as well anyway, they need to know who you belong to.”

Hannibal drew an almost shuddering breath as his eyes drifted shut again. “I told him the man I’m currently seeing is a special agent for the FBI. The mention of your profession alone was enough to cause apprehension.”

“I’d think so. I’m a teacher though,” Will palmed Hannibal’s cock. “Do you get off on that? The idea of having a dangerous boyfriend. Some crazy jealous guy ready to pick a fight with any man who dares so much as look at you.”

“You make it sound as if we were speaking in the abstract,” Hannibal strained into the touch. “Jealousy is near inevitable in the face of a perceived threat. What if he touched me, Will? If he saw me like this?”

Will once again recalled their kitchen conversation. *Would you hurt them*. He felt an unmistakable flutter of arousal and closed his eyes. Deciding to ignore his questions, Will spread Hannibal's legs wider and circled his fingers around his hole.

"I want to fuck you tonight," It came out on a growl. Too aggressive. Or just what Hannibal wanted. Will felt his influence like the tide, a volatile force of nature breaking him apart and reshaping him into something of his own making. "Take off your panties."

Will reached over Hannibal to fumble for lube in the bedside table, keeping it close for later. Then he shuffled back between Hannibal's legs and bent them back until his knees almost touched his chest. There was nowhere to hide in such a position, no pretense of modesty, and Will felt a twinge of excitement at the thought. Hannibal only sighed softly as Will bent down to kiss the inside of his thighs, where his skin was warm and smooth, flesh soft like a bruised peach beneath the press of Will's fingers. As he worked his mouth toward the juncture of his thighs, his kisses grew wetter and sloppier, more eager, until his mouth closed over his hole. He let his tongue lap over the tight ring of muscle, drawing little noises from Hannibal's parted lips with every lap and flick of his tongue.

"Enough," Hannibal nudged his head with a sort of impatient insistence that made Will want to smile. Before their relationship moved past the threshold of his bedroom, Will had thought Hannibal was somehow above experiencing pressing desire. He let a finger slip inside him, twisting until he found the spot that made Hannibal's soft moans drop into guttural grunts.

"You're still so tight though. That won't do," He added a second finger while teasing the reddened skin with his tongue, making Hannibal fist a hand in his hair. "I have to get you wet for my cock, don't I? Wouldn't want to hurt you."

"Will," Hannibal let the vowel drag into a soft whine and tugged at Will's hair, lips curled into a snarl that bared crooked teeth. Will did smile then and eased his fingers out, reaching for the lube. It felt cold on his skin, almost soothing, and he groaned at the light touch of his own hand. When he hooked Hannibal's legs over the bend of his elbows and started pushing inside, Hannibal made a choked sound that had Will drawing a shaky breath. He buried his face in the crook of Hannibal's neck and set a slow rhythm to ease them both into the sensation.

"You never answered my question," Hannibal remarked, breath tickling hot against Will's ear. "Unwilling or unable?"

Will huffed. "What do you want me to say? I wouldn't hurt someone just to humor you."

"It wouldn't be just to humor me," Hannibal sieved a breath through his teeth as Will angled his hips, burying himself deeper with each thrust. "This could be him right now. Pinning me down, taking his fill. Do you want to know what he said to me?"

"No," Will grunted. "I want you to shut up about him."

"He said I looked good enough to eat," Hannibal's words caught on an amused chuckle. Will felt annoyance flare into bright anger and clamped a hand over Hannibal's mouth, putting his weight on his knees to fuck him with short, hard thrusts that were nothing like the steady-

slow roll of hips he started out with. He thought about the way Hannibal's smile stretched broad as the strange man leaned closer, imagined the way his voice might have lowered to a lewd purr as he whispered lazy pick-up lines in Hannibal's ear. Briefly wondered whether his lips had brushed against his jaw, where Will had placed gentle kisses a few days earlier. He felt the claws of resentment burrowing deeper, wishing he could twist Hannibal into something that was irrefutably his.

The guilt washing over him at the thought almost overrode the pleasure twined around his insides, wrenching tighter with every muffled moan smeared wet against his palm. Hannibal's eyes were half-closed, almost squinting, as if he were looking into the sun, and they were filled with such helpless need that Will almost wanted to close his eyes. Being inside Hannibal suddenly struck him as painfully intimate.

"No one else touches you like this," Will growled between labored breaths. It came across as a plea rather than a threat. He took his hand away and gripped Hannibal's jaw, angling his face to his own. "You're mine."

"Yes," Hannibal mumbled the word, almost as if to himself, eyes dim like frosted glass.

Will tightened his grip. "I didn't hear you."

Hannibal's eyes snapped into focus, zeroing in on Will with the immediacy of a predator sensing prey. When he spoke, there was no trace of hesitation in his voice.

"Yes, Will, I'm yours."

Will kissed him, forcefully parting his lips to lick into the wet warmth of Hannibal's mouth, soft and yielding to the insistent strokes of his tongue. When he bit down on Hannibal's lower lip, he felt silken heat tightening around him. Hannibal's eyes squeezed shut and his knuckles paled as he gripped the sheets, hips flexing forward with his release. The gripping tightness around his cock almost made Will come as well, but something kept him teetering on the brink of his release, and he groaned in frustration as his body refused to grant him relief.

"Sometimes I think I may have been yours since the moment you snapped at me in Jack Crawford's office," Hannibal murmured against his lips, voice low and breathless. "You could have done this to me much sooner. I wouldn't have said no."

"Hannibal," Will whined, digging his fingers into Hannibal's thigh.

"I would let you do so much more to me," Hannibal continued. "Anything. You need only ask."

"God, don't talk like that-"

"Don't you approve?" Hannibal's breathing was erratic, small gasps mingling with his words as Will fucked him harder, deeper, nails pressing blushing half-moons into his soft skin. "Tell me how to please you. I want to be a good girl for you, Will."

That finally made the knot of pleasure in Will's belly unwind, whiting out his vision as he came inside Hannibal with a stuttered moan. Realizing his grip was hard enough to bruise, Will carefully let go of Hannibal's jaw, one finger at a time, and then his thigh – almost wincing as he realized how deep his nails had sunken into the delicate skin there. He nearly trembled with the loss of adrenaline and felt like he'd never be able to move again, but he still managed to drag himself up from the feverish heat of Hannibal's body. Once he did, he saw the way his camisole was wet with sweat and come, sticking translucent to his stomach. His teeth were stained red and his hair was tousled around his face, the apples of of his cheeks flushed beneath glassy, dark eyes. There was bruising forming already on his jaw. Much more prominent than Will had anticipated.

The flashing cameras and yellow tape of a crime scene flickered past Will's eyes for a split second and he quickly squeezed them shut, pressing his palms so hard over his face that spots of color erupted at the corners of his vision. He must have tumbled backwards, because Hannibal's voice seemed farther away when he spoke and he felt the bed shift beneath him before a warm hand settled on his wrist.

"Will. What is it? Tell me. Do you know where you are?"

His voice was grounding and familiar, deep and rough like an engine stuttering to life. The note of concern was almost as heartbreaking as the fact that he needed to ask. Not nearly as heartbreaking as the realization that struck Will next.

"Yeah, I'm fine, but I-" Will shook his head. "You're doing this on purpose. Recreating the crime scene I told you about," Will wanted to ask whether he'd somehow staged the encounter with the man at the opera, but it hardly mattered. "I- I just can't imagine what you're trying to get out of it. It isn't just manipulative and- and *insulting*. It's dangerous, for both of us."

Will opened his eyes. He wanted to know what his accusation did to Hannibal, but nothing moved behind his eyes as he held his gaze. "You assume there is a clearly defined objective."

"Why else would you do it?"

"Not all of our decisions are fueled by logic."

"They're still fueled by something," Will grimaced as he picked up on the shrill tenor of his voice, stretched thin over anxiety. He closed his eyes again and inhaled deeply, trying to steady himself. "Decisions aren't random. Don't pretend like this was accidental, because I know it isn't."

The inside of Will's head swam with possible explanations, but he didn't want to guess. He wanted Hannibal to tell him. As if Hannibal could read it on his face, he reached out for him, and Will let himself be pulled back down on the bed. An arm wrapped around Will's waist and Hannibal's head came to rest heavy on his chest. The weight of it made Will feel like he couldn't breathe, but he wanted Hannibal close, yearning for his touch to once more become the safe haven it had been moments ago.

“You said this killer makes you feel powerful. Dangerous, because he enables you to temporarily inhabit patterns of thought that easily translates into behavior. Protect or destroy. In which direction do you find yourself pulled with me?”

“Right now?” Will breathed out a shaky laugh. “Both. Neither. I can’t fit you into a binary, you’re like no one I know.”

“I could say the same of you,” Hannibal paused. “You told me that you know what you want when you are in his head. Does it surprise you that I want you to find stable footing in your intentions toward me?”

The outline of understanding formed in Will’s head. He looked down at Hannibal and stroked some wayward strands of hair out of his eyes. “A little bit, yeah. Is that the whole reason why you did it?”

Hannibal paused again. “I had hoped you might feel less troubled by the bond connecting your mind to the killer’s if you explored the feelings associated to him in a safe environment. I know you aren’t sleeping well. More often than not, you seem tense and distressed. I wanted to lessen your burden.”

“Seems to me you had no qualms causing me distress just now.”

Hannibal smiled faintly. “I think I made my intentions fairly clear. Hurting you was not the goal I had in mind.”

Will sighed. “You’re a psychiatrist. You should know that this isn’t healthy. *I’m* not healthy. I would’ve thought you’d know better than to play with fire like this.”

“As a psychiatrist, I feel confident in my assessment that your empathy doesn’t equal a corresponding capacity of violence. You don’t scare me, Will. I feel safe with you.”

“You feel safe with me?” The words were startled out of him, expelled with a breath of disbelief.

“I do,” Hannibal assured him. “I trust you.”

“You trust that I will protect you?”

“I trust that I would not mind being destroyed by you.”

“*Jesus*, Hannibal.”

“Do I make you uncomfortable?” Hannibal seemed neither apologetic nor anxious, but he did lower his gaze. “I don’t intend to. Honesty has a tendency to repel,” He was quiet for a moment before he spoke again. “Self-preservation is a powerful drive. I am not likely to let you destroy me in any sense of the word, although the idea of letting you try holds a strange appeal. All the same, I doubt you would hurt me.”

“I don’t want to. I don’t want to hurt you,” Will softened his features. “You don’t make me uncomfortable, Hannibal. Far worse things run through my mind. You just surprise me. I

think you're testing me with your honesty, to see if I'll run."

"Will you?"

"No. I feel safe with you too."

Hannibal played with Will's hair, pulling at coiled locks of hair only to let them spring back into shape again. It seemed somehow calculating, not genuinely idle. "You accuse me of emotional manipulation, yet you claim to feel safe with me."

Will exhaled through his nose. "Feelings aren't rational. But you trust me with your vulnerability, so I trust you with mine. The idea that our stakes are equally high and we stand to lose correspondingly is calming. I guess it's just that simple."

Hannibal frowned. "I don't consider dressing like this to be a vulnerability. Where it concerns you, it's a means to an end."

"What end?"

"You never accepted my advances so readily before. Perhaps this makes me interesting to you."

Will recalled his offhand dismissal the day Hannibal first came to his house and felt ill at ease, unwilling to admit to himself that uncovering Hannibal's secret truly had caught his interest more effectively than anything else.

"I'm not just here with you because of the sex," That was true, in spite of everything. "And I wasn't referring to your clothes."

"What do you figure is my vulnerability then?"

"Letting me close. Close enough to destroy you, should I want to. The disadvantage of trusting someone."

"Spoken like someone who expects to be destroyed in return," Hannibal ventured a smile. "I suppose you were right. We seem to be on equal terms."

Will's snort didn't exactly qualify as a laugh, but he imagined Hannibal could feel the rhythm of one in the irregular rise and fall of his chest. He would have liked to fall asleep right then and there with Hannibal wound around him like a vine, but the thought of waking up with flakes of dried come on his stomach finally made him get out of bed to take a quick shower. When he returned, Hannibal had washed his face and changed into a sky blue nightgown. He was lying on his back with one hand curled next to his face and the other one clutching the covers, only reaching halfway up his stomach. It lacked the calculated grace Hannibal usually displayed and Will's chest drew tight at the thought as he lay next to him beneath the covers. Hannibal wrapped an arm around Will's waist, responding to his presence even while asleep.

Nightmares came that night too; fragmented images of bloodstained silk and treasure chests turned caskets, of Hannibal's flushed cheeks paling into dull, painted cardboard. But when Will turned in his sleep, Hannibal turned with him, as if they were gears in a well-oiled

machine. And when Will panted a yearning chorus of *skin, skin* against the slope of Hannibal's nape, his trembling hand was brought beneath sheer fabric to rest on a warm chest, where Hannibal's heart beat at a slow, even pace that said *I am here*, that said *we are here together and you don't scare me*, that offered Will the comfort he never allowed from mere words.

When the sharp light of dawn seeped through the curtains, Will woke up, slowly blinking the hazy film of sleep from his eyes. He remembered none of his bad dreams, and as he realized he had slept through the night, relief spread warm and pleasant like a finger of whisky in his gut. Hannibal was still asleep, jaw hanging a little slack and baring the edges of uneven teeth, and Will couldn't help but nuzzle into the patch of skin between the wing-like spread of his shoulder blades, where he smelled like the salty air hanging above the ocean. As Will breathed in his scent, his eyes slid shut again, submerging him in darkness that felt like drifting weightless in serene waters.

End Notes

Thanks for reading! Kudos and comments fuel me. If you're interested in more of my Hannigram stuff, you can visit my tumblr

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!